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PUER NATUS EST NOBIS.

Refrain from song, let rest the time-worn lyre;
The strains are flat, nor tune it thou anew.
Attend the yearnings of thy soul and view
A rising star that sets the earth on fire.
That star, the glory of our heavenly Sire,
Sheds lustre o'er the darkened earth; and dew
Of wondrous fruitfulness and joy most true
With deeper fire of love our hearts inspire.

The Virgin Mother holds in warm embrace
Her son, her God, the saviour of our race.
Her glowing love, restricted by no bar,
In glory shines upon her beautiful face.
The eternal gates of Sion open far,
And Heaven descends to greet this glorious star.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

THE AMERICAN CRITIC AND POET.

WHEN compared with the literature of other nations, our own literature as self-existent and independent is but of recent date. Though literature in its essence remains 'but one, the mode of expression, its character vary with each author. Outer circumstances, likewise, exert a powerful influence upon it.

In our youthful America there were incentives to inspire a poet; but the critic can hardly form himself independently, he must look to other, more advanced nations. Bryant had caught the spirit of the primeval forest; Cooper had made "the prairies classic ground." These writers describe home scenes, but this does not yet constitute a home literature. Hawthorne's tales were too somber, the ungenial spirit of the Pilgrim is too evident in them. Lowell did not hit wide of the mark when he said of them, "You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thoughts." None of these men are representative of the new people. It is Lowell who has best represented the American spirit.

Although as a polished writer Lowell cannot be compared with other great stylists, we think, with a good authority of the present day, that he is the nearest approach to a perfect critic America has produced.

In general, Lowell does justice to his themes, nor is he among those bigoted writers who seek

such subjects upon which they can vent their bias. He has at least the civility generally to avoid such themes and it were better for his literary fame had he always shunned them. Dryden is evidently treated unjustly, for, besides inveighing against him a "suspicious change of faith," not a little part of the essay reads more like a "Dunciad" than a literary criticism. His best essays, on Dante and Milton, betray a thorough study and deep interest.

Lowell seems to have written some of his essays with too great haste, thus not bestowing sufficient study on his subjects. Here there was need of another Emerson to check the hasty pen. In order to fully deserve the appellation, a critic must be able to treat his subjects in all its phases, analyze and classify them. Though the American, as a rule, possesses not the analytical powers the German exhibits, Lowell had learned a lesson from the great critic Lessing; still, the latter remained superior. While our critic accuses this German writer of generally burrowing too deep, he himself sins by the other extreme; Lowell is often superficial, seeing but the outer shape and color, ignoring, however, their deeper meaning.

As the reader of poetry must sympathize with the author, so also the critic must be in sympathy with his theme. Like a good actor he must be able to disregard personality and place himself into the times and circumstances of the writer. A phrase cannot be condemned in an earlier writer because it is obsolete in our times. In the same manner the trend of thought differs in every

age, hence its merits and demerits must be judged in relation to the age. Lowell does this with apparent ease. He never isolates the writer from his surroundings, for even these receive comment, in as far as they influenced the former.

What we would mainly find fault with in Lowell's prose writings is his style. Emerson had done much to check the "American's light-winged fancy," challenging, but also often disappointing deeper thought. The character of Lowell's style is directly the opposite of this. While Emerson is sometimes suggestive, oftener obscure, Lowell is profuse and elaborate. The latter leaves no room for the reader's fancy; the whole extent of the thought is minutely described and often illustrated by a simile. Emerson's is the melody of fragmentary songs, thrown hap-hazard together, Lowell's is the continuous ripple of a stream, musical also, but may become monotonous. Emerson is too much the orator, sacrificing the sense to the melody, Lowell is anxious that we grasp the whole meaning and becomes wordy and elaborate.

In common life Franklin is the true type of an American, but even in this he is rather a model than a representative. With literature he has little to do. Lowell has embalmed the genial American spirit in his poetry. What he said of Holmes remains equally true of himself,

"You with the classic few belong.

Who tempered wisdom with a smile."

As humorist Lowell stands unrivalled, this side the Atlantic. Irving's humor is not more re-

finer, while Lowell has still another advantage: he is more clever in the invention of humorous incidents. The Biglow Papers fully prove this. Humor, however, is not the only end in view. While they aim a thrust at the policy of the Slavery party, they also give us a clearer idea of the Yankee character. Though the Yankee's disposition seems to be indifference and sluggishness, Lowell shows that his patriotism can be aroused, and that he will stand firm to his conviction. The homely phrases of Mr. Biglow sometimes hide sound reflections on life.

The Fable for critics, though written in a humorous vein throughout, contains some true estimates of the best American authors, as when he says of Irving,

“Thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest, sweet humor, that ever were there,
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair,”

Earth's sorrows are well-nigh forgotten in company with the genial poet, for

“The poet's clearer eye should see, in all
Earth's seeming woe, seed of immortal flowers.”

Lowell becomes at times sarcastic but he smiles while he seems to castigate. His object is not to offend but to correct, for “the poet needs the tonic of a just appreciation, which is the herald of fame.” A noble end, indeed, and faithfully followed.

A less disinterested champion of liberty than Lowell, America has never produced. The Quaker poet, Whittier, had in the “Voices of Freedom”

vented his hatred against the South; Lowell, however, gives equal freedom to all, all are his brethren without distinction of race. Aptly has he written

"Freedom needs all her poets, it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,"

only they could have prevented the Mexican war, which Lowell looks upon as a blot on the records of the nation.

Among the most polished of his poems are Memorial verses, tender and loving; The Vision of Sir Saunfal, with its beautiful imagery; and The Cathedral, with its cold marble but perfect structure.

Lowell has been too little appreciated by the American people whose champion and representative he is in nearly every department of literature. He is not our most popular poet, not because he is not worth it, but because he is not studied. We can safely say, however, that his works will live longer, than those of many a tyro, which are greedily devoured as soon as printed. Let us hope it, Lowell is worthy of immortality.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

AUTUMNAL SUNSHINE.

The days become so dim and sear;
The birds sit still alone
And faintly sing,
Unlike in spring,
"O sunshine come and give me cheer
To sing a mirthful tone."

O'er fields and meadows, veiled in sorrow,
So softly sighs the breeze;
For children dear
Lie buried here.
"O sunshine, wake them for to-morrow,
And warm them lest they freeze."

Thou harkenst, soul, to strains of spring,
That faintly echo yet;
To youthful song
In joyous throng,
When sunshine cheered, when birds would sing,
And flowers thy way beset.

But glance about and see decay!
The trees, storm-beaten, bare,
And flowers dead
In a lowly bed;
No sunshine—all but dreams of May—
Now dead though once so fair.

O sunshine, enter thou my breast,
Dispel the mist of sadness.
And songs of joy,
Like a mirthful boy,
I'll sing to thee without a rest
And live in youthful gladness.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

TRUST IN THE INFANT JESUS.

SILENCE in the snowy streets and darkness, save for the trembling evening star. Silence within the sacred walls of St. Francis hospital, save for the hasty steps of angelic servants administering to the sick and poor. Although a place where misery in all its various phases dwells and the bright beams of joy seem not to penetrate its doleful atmosphere, yet in the hearts of these good Samaritans, happiness in its truest sense reigned supreme.

The superior, mother Elisabeth as they called her, with her soothing qualities, outshone all in affability and kindness. She could not see any one in grief without feeling it herself. Now as Xmas was at the threshold and as this feast spreads joy everywhere and in every heart, it annoyed her not little that one of her crew, sister Teresia, performed her work in a rather melancholy mood. Mother superior knew the cause of it and she tried her utmost to dispel these dark and weary clouds. A few days previous Teresia had received the following letter:

"The holy days are approaching rapidly and our sole wish is that you will spend them in happiness. I am sorry to inform you that this will not be the case with us. With great anxiety we still await news from your brother Cornelius. Mother is ever worrying and day and night his name is on her lips. Three years he has been gone, not a word we heard of him, and mother—I will not speak of myself—is bending beneath the weight of sorrow. "Write to Teresia,"

she says, "tell her to pray for him." Yes you are her only comfort. If time permits you, send a few consoling lines to her. We will unite our prayers with yours and may God grant our petition.

That the Infant Jesus may shower his blessings upon you is the sincere wish of your loving parents.—P. H."

This was the primary cause of Teresia's dejection. She feigned to be happy, yet that forcing smile on her lips betrayed her dissemblance. The superior meeting her in the corridor stopped her saying, "Teresia, what is it that troubles you? Tell me. Something is marring your peace and happiness." "Mother, why you know it all. I am human, and I am but paying tribute to my feeble nature. You read the letter, and it is especially to-day that I am thinking so often of my brother, as if I had a presentiment of some foreboding evil." "O my daughter," replied the superior, "you must not let such chimerical apprehension disturb you. Trust in the Infant Jesus. To-morrow is Christmas and you must cheer up. We will pray for your brother." "You are right, mother," interrupted Teresia, "yes, I will go and pray." She departed and directed her steps toward the chapel. There, at the foot of the altar, she uttered a prayer that needed no words, a prayer, not from a book, but from the innermost of a depressed heart. Whilst thus lost in contemplation, some one tapped her gently on the shoulder saying, 'a patient has arrived for your department.' The sweetness and relief she had found during this short visit to the Blessed Sacrament aroused in her the desire that she might remain.

But obedience was her golden rule and in a few minutes she was at her post.

The patrol had brought a young man, a tramp in tattered clothes, half starved and frozen, whom they had found in a box car at the stockyards. As the patient was unconscious, a private department was assigned to him where a doctor immediately examined him. "Sister Teresia," remarked he, "this poor mortal's life depends more on your care than on my skill. Have a vigilant eye on him. Keep anaclysis to the right. When consciousness returns give him a cup of caudle and a tea-spoonful of antifebrile."

Teresia watched him with the greatest caution and as she looked so pitiously at those haggard features, she again thought of her brother. She was about to pray the rosary when she noticed a little prayer book on the table next to her. It had fallen out of the young man's coatpocket when they undressed him. She took it;—opened it,—and on the frontpage she beheld in faded letters—the name of her brother. A thousand thoughts flashed through her mind. She looked again;—yes, it is his name. But can that miserable wretch be her brother? She stood dumfounded. She gazed at that pale ematiated face and an ocean of joy, intermingled with grief and sorrow, seemed to rush upon her. "O ye Saints of Heaven," she exclaimed, "can it be? This my brother Cornelius? My prayer already granted?" Love and anxiety banished all doubts. She sank at his side and grasped his feeble hand. This excitement had an effect on the patient. His swathed head moved

uneasily on the pillow, his failing breath, coming and going in a low moan, gave signs of consciousness. Teresia bent over him, murmuring his name. At the sound he roused, sighing feebly: "Ah! It was not all a dream then. I thank my God for this sweet comfort." Again Teresia whispered with faltering voice: "Cornelius." Oh, that sweet voice! He recognized it. He turned and looked up into her face. The love, joy, and sorrow that spoke in those dim eyes. Both enjoyed one of those fleeting moments of mingled felicity, which no pen can chronicle, nor lips express.

Teresia at once summoned mother superior; a few words informed her of all. She was not less surprised at such a providential meeting, and with deep emotion she interrupted Teresia's hasty words, "you see, my daughter, how mighty the power of prayer is? The Infant Jesus could not refuse it." Turning to Cornelius she continued, "this sweet comfort you owe to the prayers of a good mother and a saintly sister." Not wishing to disturb their extreme happiness any longer she retired and sent refreshments for Cornelius, who had wonderfully recovered. Teresia informed him of the letter she had received from home. He begged her to read it to him. When he heard of his poor mother, her affliction, of which he was the cause, the cup of sorrow was filled to the brim. He burst into tears, sobbed aloud, and entreated his sister to send a telegram at once. She promised it and with comforting words she bade him rest. As the successive emotions and excitements had exhausted him, he soon tossed away in

a sweet slumber. The tranquility that rested upon those pallied lips indicated that peace which the angels proclaimed on the plains of Bethlehem, 'Glory be to God on high, and peace to all men of good will.'

Morning gradually approached and sister Teresia repaired to chapel to attend mass. Need I mention, dear reader, with what love and gratitude she received the Infant Jesus in Holy Communion that morning? No, my attempt would be vain. Yet I may cherish the pious wish that all of us might prepare a similar reception for our heavenly guest on this day. Returning to her brother's department she found him still in his sweet repose. She stood at his bedside, anticipating what a happy day she would spend with her brother.

It was about this time when her parents were on the way home from five o'clock services. The exhilarating surroundings, everything that tended to render men happy only increased their poignant sorrows. As they were about to sit at the breakfast table, a boy rapped at the door and delivered the following telegram:

"Rejoice and be happy. Cornelius is in my care. He will be in your midst in a few days.—

T. H."

If angels had brought this news they could not have been deeper struck at such a message. No, the Infant Jesus would not have them spend his birthday in such a mood. No, a merry Xmas was to be for all, for the parents at home and for Teresia and Cornelius at St. Francis Hospital.

The purpose of this story is not without an aim in view. To how many parents is this day of joy not the very antithesis? Perhaps an ungrateful son or a disobedient daughter has left home, has forgotten those filial duties which should ever remind us that old age grows strangely sensitive; that their love, especially that of a mother, though we may have forgotten them, is not diminished; on the contrary, they are sitting at the fireside thinking of the absent ones and their brooding thoughts go wandering back to those sleepless nights when they, with a tender love and care, watched at the side of our cradle. Is it possible that we should leave such love unreciprocated?

D. G. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Though lovely verdure the eye cannot espy,
And warbling birds with strains the heart not cheer,
There is no tide, of which dame nature dear,
To God, frail man more closely does ally,
Than that of Yule. Where e'er in quest we pry
Eternal bliss to our ken seems near:
Fair mother earth, like hearts of men sincere,
In virgin garbs is robed. And list! on high,

Bright hosts angelic sally forth to peal
The joyous news that Christ to man is born,
And bid sweet peace to all that join with zeal.
And love, their hymns of praise, on Christmas morn;
They sing near by the crib, where she herds kneel,
To Him who deigned to save mankind forlorn.

C. C. MOHR, '01.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

The crimson pulses of the morn
Through gloomy veils appear,
As hope in sorrow newly born,
Delivering us from fear.

Aurora bursts the lurid veil
That shrouds the starry skies.
Divinely touched by faith, we hail
Those love-like meeting eyes.

We raise our thoughts to thee, O Star,
A symbol of our hope;
Wise kings obeyed thee, from afar,
Their faith in thee laid ope.

Thy youthful dawn, O chosen Star,
Brought hope to all forlorn,
And now, to heal an earthly scar,
The light of Christmas morn.

Thy light illuminens darkened ways,
When faith seems dim; but still,
Led on by grace, we hope and praise
The Father's holy will.

C. N. FAIST, '00.

THE GUIDING STAR.

When night enwrapped, and silence hushed the world,
Behold! a star his brightest light unfurled.
From distant heaven, erring Sages' pace
It guides, to find the new-born king of grace.
And lo! in swaddling clothes, on Sion's plain
They find whom long they sought, but sought in vain.
Oh! may we, too, who still in exile roam,
In safety land at our eternal home.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

We mortals hear the organ's joyful ring
And from on high angelic choirs sing;
Behold, so many children gladly stay,
Before the manger silently to pray.

Is it not that rejoicing hymn of praise
That now repletes our heart with blissful grace.
'Tis Christ, our dearest Lord, made man to-day;
The heart He gladdens as to Him we pray.

H. SEIFERLE, 01.

HAPPY TIDINGS.

Behold the dazzling light from yonder mound!
Its rays, refulgent like the splendid beams
Of Phoebus' chariot-wheels—and yet it seems
To spread no earthly lustre all around.
It's coming nigh,—and hear you not a sound,
So silv'ry and enchanting, like those streams
Of magic strains from Circes shores, or dreams
Of songs and psalms in Heaven only found?

O fear ye not, ye men of Galilee,
Most happy tidings unto all we bring,
A child is born, all men from sin to free,
To be their saviour and to be their king;
Then let to God on high all glory be
And all good men on earth His praises sing.

D. NEUSCHWANGER, 01.

THE DARK AGES.

MANY and very curious opinions have entered our minds with regard to the relative character and comparative merit of the different epochs in the world's history. We are ready to confer our approbation upon antiquity and to extend it to our modern times. Upon the one as having been, and upon the other as being favorable to all progress in civilization, science, art, and literature. The Middle or so-called Dark Ages, however, we often picture to ourselves as an empty space, a big gap in the history of mankind, separating the period of ancient refinement from the times of modern illumination. We are inclined to believe that intellectual darkness, insensibility of art, corruption of literature, in a word, barbarism were the marked characteristics of these ages. For this reason we are the more surprised at the marvelous resurrection and progress of art, science, literature, etc. in modern times, after a period of stagnation and obscurity, lasting, according to Hallam, nearly thousand years, from about 500 to about 1500 A. D.

Here, as in many others of our wont opinions, we are decidedly wrong, narrow-minded, and prejudiced, because we omit "to follow the footsteps of things;" we are slow to trace up effects to their causes; nay, we even give up substance for eclat. The fact is, that civilization and knowledge were always cultivated and held in great reverence.

The spark of ancient culture was never entirely extinguished, and a great number of productions in the different branches of our modern genius, we owe to the creative spirit of the so-called Dark Ages. The theory and bold assertions, set forth by men, that have almost induced the world to believe that the rise of barbarism and progress of art, science, and literature of the present civilization is the grand outcome of that "blessed event" in the history of the world—the Reformation, are out of question. They evoke our pity rather than our resentment.

It is true, and we regret to say it, that many of the nobles in those times made light of literary knowledge and boasted of their deficiency therein. But we have also a list of highly educated men, who may be well compared with the geniuses that were born in the times of enlightenment, if they do not even outshine them.

As to the people at large, they showed noble simplicity, and proved in affairs of real consequence as much common sense, as we may boast of in our age of light. We may learn from them to set a higher value on civilization than on the transient vapors of this world, and how to refer the highest attainment in art to the praise and honor of the Creator of nature's art. An able author has justly remarked that it is doubtful whether those periods which are the richest in literature, possess the greatest share, either of moral excellence or of political happiness. But, let us proceed in our inquiry.

In many a European city, a massive tower of

some Gothic temple, whose sight is at once grand and majestic, calls upon us, as we pass through the streets, and imposes upon us a most striking vindication of the Middle Ages, whose sons they are, against the charge of complete darkness. The buildings, perfected as far as the work of a mortal's hand can approach perfection, reveal to us a consummate art, which the prodigality of boundless zeal only could supply. Here it is well to remember the judicial remark of several learned men, who declare that the state of architecture has always been in every country a degree of perfection in which the other arts flourished.

Besides this the spirit of invention for useful discoveries and improvements, was a distinguished characteristic of the Middle Ages. On many of them our arts and sciences are based, so that we may well apply to a whole nation what a Spanish proverb says of individuals,—“One man gets the credit, while another cards the wool.”

Most strange, however, it appears that from a period of ignorance and barbarism many nations should receive the light of the gospel and be civilized; as, for instance, the Hungarians, the Danes, Swedes, Russians, Poles, etc., all of whom date their civilization to that so-called dark period. But who has ever heard of a blind man leading another blind man! Would not both fall into the pit? If those times have not reached the zenith of refinement, they saw at least the practice of morals, of virtues, of piety, and good faith. Loud and sad, however, are the complaints frequently and at all times repeated of the dissolution of the

modern ages:

“Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides,
Et qui redire nescit cum perit pudor.”

“We have lost all morals, justice, honor, piety and faith, and with these that modest sense of shame, which, once extinguished, never can be restored.”

To these remarks, let us add one more.

Johnson used to say, that the real criterion of civilization consisted in the degree of provision made for the happiness of the poor. Now, if that proposition be admitted, then the conclusion forces itself upon us that the Middle Ages were more deserving of the praise to which we lay claim in our modern institutions, than any other period in the history of mankind. It would be impossible to describe all the various institutions of charity and learning, which existed in the Middle Ages; so as to form an adequate idea of their merit. Suffice it to say, that all, from the king to the beggar, were equally interested in the philanthropic work to leave no kind of misery unprovided with the suitable means to alleviate or remove it. The ancients, as history tells us, were ignorant of the word hospital. The word “nosocomium,” from the Greek nosokomeion, to attend to disease, was first employed by St. Jerome and St. Isidore.

But though we should not take into consideration these superior historical facts, nor take them as a universal standard to indicate the true worth of an age or nation, but should confine our attention to literature in the widest sense, we have all reasons to be slow in conferring upon those Ages

the contemptible appellation "Dark".

Literature, a mirror, in which a people's character is shadowed forth, is the greatest possession of the nation. But we cannot reasonably expect to find in all literatures the same stretch of refinement and degree of excellence. Without seed-time, there is no harvest; in small things as well as in great ones, the fulness of event must precede art. Where no clouds gather, no rain falls.

The period preceding the Age of Pericles, was not a time distinguished for refinement; but the time preparing material which was to be shaped and polished. What those times were to the cultured Age of Pericles, the Dark Ages are to our modern times.

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so."

E. HEFELE, '01.

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EDITORIALS.

A student's life is, indeed, an ideal one. No other state has so many and pleasant varieties. His career, not yet beset with troubles and serious disappointments, winds through the most beautiful scenery adorning the stream of life. One pleasure succeeds the other in an almost uninterrupted

chain. As the evening of a free day ends all joy and merriment, a student's naturally restless mind and quick fancy enjoy already the pleasures of the next. This may seemingly disagree with the calling for studies. But yet it will not—it is only the lowest and rudest joy of an indifferent student. There is far more joy in sweet satisfaction of having done one's duty, in the pride of having climbed another step to the mount of wisdom, in the almost flattering voice of emulation, that encourages one to run the course with hopes of final success. But these pleasures are only the fruit of zeal and labor, awarded to the real student. There are earnest days, intensely earnest days for a student, when every power is working for one end.

A student, naturally, needs most recreation, because his youthful faculties cannot bear a constant strain; and the monotony of study would be tedious, if not broken by recreation. Of all the free days Christmas vacation is welcomed with the most cordial joy. Whether it is release from study, or anticipation of pleasure in the familiar round of home-life, or the wonderful atmosphere of Christmas as a feast, that causes our hearts to throb quicker for emotion, is very doubtful. Undoubtedly, it is the inexplicable charm of Christmas, that heightens all our pleasures, that adds a special ring to the nightly chime, that causes the rays of candle-lights to travel in more joyful waves, that creates a different atmosphere on this cold winter-day.

On Christmas the outside must harmonize with our heart-felt joy. Then the Christian lives his

most delightful day. This heavenly joy, a child-like revelling, must manifest itself actively; for a Catholic heart is touched too strongly by the finger of divine love, that it cannot restrain the bubbles of joy from bursting forth and from communicating themselves to others. Christmas without pleasure is no Christmas; and Christmas without entire abandonment of duty and work is no complete feast. Throw then aside books and paper and pencil, to celebrate a most joyous festival. And with renewed vigor grasp again in nineteen hundred the old dog-eared school-book, to reach in a steady run the goal of June.

The genius of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has again enriched the world with a poem, bearing upon the present time. "The King," as a composition, is highly elaborate. The rhythmic effect, however, does not correspond with the flow of thought, nor is it pleasant. "The King" exposes Kipling's political ideas, principally of the relation between England and South Africa. The subject, undoubtedly, was deeply meditated upon before it was set in rhyme. "Give no heed to bondsmen making war with peace;" or, "the king shall set his guards about us all in Freedom's name." This may seem to have been uttered by some other person than by Mr. Kipling, since we likely expected a different tone.

It is, however, a hazardous undertaking to criticise a living author, and more so if one's opinion does not endorse the general public idea. Mr. Kipling is undoubtedly the happiest poet of mod-

ern times. He seldom meets with unfavorable criticisms. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, the brightest stars as laureates and poets, were less fortunate. This is easily explained. A real poet receives but rarely due attention from his own people and generation. A clever man, however, that understands the weakness of his age and takes advantage of it, is overloaded with applauses of "excellent and unsurpassable." To call Mr. Kipling the "Prince of Poets," as has recently been done, is encroaching upon the right of real poets, that justly deserve the preference. It is a blemish in the record of current criticism.

Glory and acknowledgment envelope Mr. Kipling like fleecy clouds. They shift and thicken at the slightest breeze. But soon these golden nebulae will be but the afterglow of a simple story-teller's career. Was the world ever that attentive to Milton? Did it ever encourage Keats? Even the name "poet-laureate" is far from making a poet; such is the case with Mr. Austin. Ruskin is very little known as poet, though Gladstone conferred the highest title upon him. Ruskin was, indeed, modest enough to confess that he "was no poet," though "he had dreams sometimes"

A parallel between our first and last poet and story-teller is most befitting. The similarity of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and Mr. Kipling's Eastern stories is minutely traced in the contributor's Club of the Atlantic. Mr. Kipling, though similar to Chaucer, has a marked creative individ-

uality. We must courteously bow before the story-teller. He deviates from the general lines along which most of our sentimental novels and stories are drawn. Oriental sayings and rumors, undoubtedly, proved a rich source for the author. To select from these the fittest, to add items that make them attractive for his European and American readers, is the task of a clever mind. In this the author succeeded best with humor, sarcasm, and irony, that add a wholesome flavor to the stories.

Mr. Kipling, after all, seems to me but a passing meteor, admired by the present generation for its singular light. Whether his fame will be lasting is very doubtful, unless he bequeath to the world some truly genuine work, that will outlive him by generations.

It seems to me that many of our alumni take too little interest in the affairs of their former home. Whether philosophical and theological studies occupy their mind to so great an extent, or whether Alma Mater has no charm for them any longer is very doubtful. An acknowledgment of love and reverence for the educators of their youth is but a just tribute. Nor is it a hard demand to show such sympathy. The pages of our Collegian are open to them, and we receive any favor with a grateful heart.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

EXCHANGES.

The November number of the *St. Vincent Journal* is of a pugnacious character. The war-clouds that hang in dread suspense over two happy South African republics have aroused the fighting propensities of the Journal writers. But being so far removed from the scene of action and probably deeming a long-distance-fight safer and the spilling of black blood more humane, they support the good cause by hurling volleys of highly explosive rhetoric at the "red-coats" and counselling the Boers in a very dashy editorial how to dispose their forces, directing them to manoeuvre rather for the Bull and thus prevent his getting over the fence than to take him by his horns. Now, it is all very well to take a lively interest in current history, but in allowing such hackneyed and disgusting matter to enter our College Journals we degrade them to despicable sheets of political clamoring.—"Modern Delusions," of the same issue, is a strong and able article setting forth the selfconceit of our age and vindicating the just claim of past centuries to many compliments, which we make to ourselves, for their accomplishments. The sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly is a complete and appreciative review of the hero's eventful life, the author, however, is inclined to overestimate his influence. The locals are deserving of unstinted praise, they are generally the most attractive feature of the *Journal*.

If the author who defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains" is correct, the writers of the *St. Mary's Record* are certainly genii, for none of our exchanges evinces greater care in the preparation of their numbers than the *Record*. It seems to follow the motto, "beautiful things told in beautiful words are always sure to elicit admiration."

The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, one of our most valued visitors, has a charm of its own; it is the ideal students' paper: always fresh and breezy, never casting about with learned phrases and never becoming monotonous or trivial. The writers of the *Scholastic* are the princes of short story-telling; they know how to make capital out of every thing. But could they not bestow a little more of their energy upon the editorials? The poetical department and the local and athletic columns are the spiciest that reach our table.

Our heartiest congratulations upon your heavy work on the gridiron!

The *Dial*, always excellent in prose compositions, is of late courting the Muses with great success. "Couldst Thou Return" and "Our Flag" are beautiful poetical creations; "To The Lone Tree" is a splendid piece of imagination, but its beauty is somewhat marred by impure diction. The resume of Father Baumgartner's life and works is the ablest and most interesting article that appeared in the *Dial* since we are acquainted with it. We can only add our sincerest wishes to those of the learned writer:—"May he live to finish the work so successfully begun."

To our exchanges a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year! Au revoir in the next century!

A. T. SAURER, '00.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE BEST FOOT FORWARD. It is needless to recommend this book, being written by the able pen of our well known juvenile writer, Rev. F. Finn. That the author possesses minute knowledge of the manners and pleasures of boys is clearly shown throughout the book. The novelty lies in the character of a school-boy, whose object it is to effect a reformation of his class. Their new teacher possessed the worst opinion about college-boys. This estranged him more and more from the affection of his pupils, who then made it a point to annoy him. But the hero, on advice of his confessor, concerted a peaceful conspiracy among his class-mates. They were to obey strictly every order of the teacher, in which they succeeded not only to change themselves, but also to convert the teacher. The story is very interesting, delightful, and instructive for the young. No detail is omitted; no incident, necessary for the semblance of truth, is forgotten. The same book contains five more stories; which can be cheerfully recommended to our juvenile reading world. At BENZIGER BROS. Price 85cts.

THE CATHOLIC MOTHER. If home education is such a potent factor in our present educational system, if we wish to save our Catholic youth from

the poisonous atmosphere of modern sophisticated society, which is so much opposed to the precepts of the gospel, we must implant the seed into the tender heart of the child. As this is the exclusive duty of the mother, this little book will aid and guide her. It not only points out the *quid* but also the *quo modo*. The instructions are not for the 19th century woman but for the 19th century Catholic mother. The nicety of comparisons and the beautiful examples make it very interesting. It deserves a place next to the Bible in the library of every Catholic family. BENZIGER BROS.
Price 75 cents. D. G. S., 01.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving, toward which we all looked with fond hope, though now a thing of the past, still lives with us in sweet remembrance. Like a meteor, it brightened upon us, gave us joy and pleasure, and vanished, imparting to our hearts a longing for its return. Not to exaggerate the least, I venture to say that Thanksgiving of 99 far excels every one thus far marked in the annals of our institution. To prove my assertion, suffice it, among the many exceptionable features, to state but a single one: Never heretofore on similar occasions did we have in our midst a more goodly number of visitors—both clergymen and lay-people. I mention but one in these lines, who was the most welcomed of all, if I may say so, and whose presence was no small stimulus to the

rendering of the various programs and exercises with utmost care and finish.

The person to whom I have reference is no other than our much beloved former president, Rev. Aug. Seifert, C. PP. S., at present rector of St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. How much our president, Rev. B. Boebner, together with the faculty and students of the house, rivalled in extending their heartiest welcome to Father August, and in making his visit a most pleasant one, I can in no wise elucidate better than to quote his own sentiments which he expressed in the course of an address given in our armory. "Dear fathers," he said, "and students of St. Joseph's, words fail me to give vent to the joy and gratitude that fill my heart on seeing with how much kindness and respect you have bade me welcome." We were indeed sorry that our beloved guest did not stay with us a greater length of time; yet knowing, as we do, that duty is all to him, his departure, modified by a promise of revisiting us at the earliest occasion, was not all together unconsolable to us.

Most of the visiting clergy and lay people arrived Nov. 29, on the evening of which day the class of 1900 gave a literary program in Latin. Despite its novelty in the history of our Alma Mater, it resulted in a perfect success. It consisted of an address of welcome, a debate, and a valedictory. The question of the debate was as follows:

"Quaeritur in cuius parte justitia ponenda sit, Carthaginiensium an Romanorum."

Mr. P. Staiert, delivering the welcome address and making some introductory remarks to the debate, exhibited full control over the Latin language; he spoke with grace, articulated well, appeared, however, somewhat timid. Mr. Kanney, the first speaker of the debate and pleader for the Carthaginians, was likewise graceful in his delivery, happy in his arguments, but lacked the pathos of a debater. The next speaker, siding with the Romans, appeared in the person of Mr. Rapp. With much pathos and selfconviction, (two qualities absolutely necessary to a good debater) this gentleman put forth his arguments, which, in my opinion, were somewhat farfetched. Though at times Mr. Rapp's delivery was too hasty, it was the best one of the evening. The second defender of the Carthaginians, Mr. Saurer, evinced great persuasiveness and fully knew how to win the audience. He also spoke with not little patriotism, which goes to show, that he put himself into the position the debate demanded. There is no doubt that Mr. Saurer is one of our most forcible speakers. Want of gracefulness marred his delivery.

In point of arguments Mr. V. Schuette, the last speaker, surpassed any other debater. Like Mr. Rapp, the gentleman in question betrayed pathos and selfconviction; but this only at appropriate passages, outside of which he appeared cold. Mr. C. Faist delivered the valedictory with more than ordinary ability, thus concluding the program most befittingly.

The program was a complete success, and

judging from the competency and ability with which these gentlemen spoke the Latin tongue, we can safely say that our institution, though founded but a few years ago, has a Latin course which can compete with that of any other college.

Coming now to speak of Thanksgiving proper, it may well be said that it dawned upon us with a brightness which autumn days, as a rule, but seldom share. The weather throughout the day was most favorable and permitted us, after having spent very pleasant hours indoors, to sally forth, and bask to heart's content in the gentle rays of the autumn sun.

At eight o'clock A. M. Highmass was sung by Rev. Jansen of Frankfort, Ind. After the Gospel Rev. Chas. Romer of Delphi, Ind., preached a masterly and befitting sermon. Highmass was followed by Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, given by Rev. A. Seifert, C. PP. S.

At 9.30 A. M., upon the bugle-call, all assembled in our armory, where a military program was rendered. The hall was very beautifully decorated and presented a charming aspect. The band opened the program with "Sleeping Beauty", by Garcia. Then followed the drills. Our companies appeared that day for the first time in their new uniforms. It was also on this occasion that Rev. Aug. Seifert and Rev. Chas. Roemer gave a beautiful address.

At 2 o'clock P. M. the Giants and the S. J. C. lined up for a quite satisfactory foot-ball game, the particulars of which are given on some other page of this edition. The rest of the day was

spent in diverse in- and outdoor sports, of which bowling, our most favorite game at present, played the principal role.

The most notable feature of the day was the rendering of "The Triumph of Justice," or "The Orphan Avenged," a drama of three acts, by the A. L. S., at 8 o'clock P. M. Its plot is founded upon a dumb orphan whose father (Count Luneda) fell a victim to the envy of a treacherous friend (Colonel Rigolio.) By giving false testimony, the latter escapes justice, and accuses Estevan the valet of Count Luneda, who is arrested and sentenced to life's imprisonment. Estevan having thus suffered two years chances to make his escape, meets, however, Colonel Rigolio, contrary to his expectations, at the hut of a goat-herd. The former is again accused and sent back to the castle, where he is presented to Myrtillo, the orphan. The latter, on seeing Estevan, recognizes in him an old friend and gives the officers of justice to understand that Estevan is innocent. Rigolio in the mean time had taken to flight and was roaming about in the mountains like a madman but can never quiet his guilty reproaching conscience. Here he is confronted by Estevan and Myrtillo, together with officers of justice. Myrtillo, on meeting Rigolio, at once sees in him the murderer of his father, and regaining his speech, he denounces him as the guilty wretch.

Following is the cast of characters:

Baron.....	F. Wemhoff,
Estevan.....	T. Ehinger,
Claudio.....	L. Dabbelt,

Agostino.....	A. Kamm,
Captain Xavier.....	F. Theobald,
Colonel Rigolio.....	W. Flaherty,
Myrtillo.....	G. Emsing,
Tablo.....	A. McGill,
Gaspardo.....	G. Arnold,
Benedict.....	E. Lonsway,
Carlo.....	A. Junk,
Marco.....	E. Vurpillat,
Dominic.....	E. Cook,
Tomaso.....	B. Horstman,
Pedro.....	C. Ellis,
Officers of Justice.....	{ M. Zimmer,
	{ A. Hepp,

Master Flaherty, impersonating Colonel Rigolio, was the star of the play. Though his role was very difficult and demanded great dramatic talent and presence of mind, he brought it out nearly to perfection. Master Ehinger, as Estevan, likewise evinced great dramatic talent and was sure to catch the eye of the audience. The two youths in question betrayed all the marks that will make them with due practice actors of no mean ability. Masters L. Dabbelt, as Claudio, and A. Kamm, as Agostino, are to be congratulated upon their articulation and modulation of voice, and their stately appearance. Praiseworthy is the acting of McGill (Tablo), F. Wemhoff (The Baron), F. Theobald (Capt. Xavier), and G. Emsing (Myrtillo.)

The play as an entire met with unprecedented success, and the A. L. S. may justly be congratulated upon it.

Rev. H. Lear moderator of the A. L. S. deserves

our highest praise and acknowledgment for the great interest he took in crowning the play with the best of results. We can well picture to ourselves the difficulties and obstacles he encountered in enabling the A. L. S. to make their efforts successful, and, therefore, his are the first laurels which the play gained. It, indeed, speaks well of Mr. D. G. Neuschwanger to have shared the trouble and work which confronted Rev. H. Lear.

Though the music was not as it could have been desired, it entered largely upon the celebration of Thanksgiving and contributed not a little to the pleasantness of the day.

Permit me yet to extend my hearty thanks and appreciation to all that in any way have helped to make the celebration of '99 a most pleasant and befitting one. We hope to have similar Thanksgivings in coming years.

C. MOHR, '01.

OBITUARY.

Joseph B. Hemsteger, Piqua, Ohio, died Nov. 11, at the home of his parents, after two weeks suffering with inflammation of bowels. Joseph was born at Piqua, May 14, 1881, attended parochial school at Piqua until Sept. 1892, when he went to St. Mary's College, at Dayton. Returning to Piqua he took a course at Beck's Commercial College, where-upon he occupied the position of book-keeper in his father's Printing House. He attended St. Joseph's College from 1897-98, to finish up his commercial course. Joseph died well fortified with the last sacraments, being conscious to the last, and shortly before his death he requested to be kindly remembered by his friends at St. Joseph's College.

THE SOCIETIES.

C. L. S.—The Columbian, at their meeting of Nov. 26, elected the following officers: President, W. Hordeman; Vice-president, E. Ley; Secretary, W. Arnold; Treasurer, C. Wetli; Critic, I. Rapp; Editor, P. Wahl; Marshal, E. Wills; Executive Committee, D. Neuschwanger, V. Schuette, E. Werling.

A literary program, rendered Nov. 12, consisted in the following:

Music.....Band.

Recitation—Autumn words.....J. Seitz.

Debate; Resolved, that nature affords more pleasure and inspiration than art.

Affirmative,.....E. Werling and T. Kramer,

Negative,S. Meyer and J. Mutch.

Violin and piano duet. { Prof. J. Hemmersbach,
and P. Staiert.

Comic Recitation—Deitsche's Adv.....C. Wetli.

Columbian.....Editor, P. Wahl.

Piano Duet. Prof. J. Hemmersbach and V. Schuette.

Another program was rendered Dec. 3, the various numbers being:

MusicBand

Oration—"A noble aim faithfully kept is a noble deed".....I. Rapp.

Zither Duet.....X. Jaeger and B. Staiert

Debate; Resolved, that the lynch-law is a blot upon our country.

Affirmative,.... A. T. Saurer and W. Arnold.

Negative,.....P. Staiert and E. Ley.

Vocal Solo—The Chapel.....J. Mutch.

Dialogue.....M. Koester and J. Meyer.

Finale.....Orchestra.

Both programs were rendered in an able manner, and were a credit to the society. The participant gentlemen showed that they had given their respective parts due preparation. Mr. Rapp's oration is worthy of special mention, owing to composition and delivery. The debates, which were decided in the affirmative, were very interesting. The Columbian, by Mr. Wahl, answered the expectations of all. The musical numbers were enjoyed very much, adding greatly to the

merits of the programs.

Since our last number J. Steinbruner and T. Sultzer were voted into the society. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Saurer, Neuschwanger, and Mutch, was appointed to provide for the musical renditions at our programs. It has been decided to postpone the play of "William Tell" until Wasington's birthday, Feb. 22.

A. L. S.—The officers of this society, for the present term, were elected at the meeting held Nov. 26; they are: President, A. Kamm; Vice-president, T. Ehinger; Secretary, W. Flaherty; Treasurer, L. Dabbelt; Editor, F. Theobald; Marshal, G. Arnold; Librarian, H. Metzdorf; Executive Committee, A. McGill, J. Naughton, B. Hoerstman.

Marian Sodality.—On Dec. 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, thirty eight students, whose names were previously voted upon, made the solemn act of consecration to our Blessed Lady, and were admitted into the sodality. This ceremony was very beautiful and impressive; also the admonitions of our Spiritual Director, Father Hugo, were, indeed, highly beneficial. Every student of the College, without one exception, is consecrated to Mary, our dearest Mother in a special manner, and possesses that grand title of Child of Mary.

J. MUTCH, '02.

ATHLETICS.

The inter-hall championship belongs to Aquino hall and coveted pennant floats from the same place. On Thanksgiving it was won by a decisive victory of 21—6. The game was good, from certain standpoints. Bad fumbling, on part of the Giants, was costly and had it not been for fumbling, victory might have been theirs, by a score of 6—5. While in a scrimmage they fumbled the ball and Van Flandern picking it up ran 60yd. for a touchdown. The Giants claimed it was downed. The referee said the play was fair, so with defeat staring them in the eyes, with four minutes to play, the Giants left the field.

The S. J. C. played a great defensive game, their formations being quick and sure. They skirted ends at will, for the Giants could not break the "stone wall" that surrounded the ball.

During the first half the Giants carried the ball from their own 25yd. line between the goal posts, by continual line bucking. Following is a detail of the game.

FIRST HALF.

At 3.15 P. M. the referee blew his shrill whistle and soon the two teams were lined up for a strong game. Capt. Kramer won the toss and chose the south goal, with a stiff wind in his favor. Trentman kicked off to Linz who fumbled, and "reliable" Kielman pounced on the ball. Ley hit center for two yds., then Wahl went around right end for

4yds. On the next play the ball was given to Hoerstman and a double pass to Wessel, who went around left end for 40yds. and a touchdown, just two minutes after play began. Trentman missed goal.

S. J. C. 5.

Giants 0.

Koenig kicked to Bremerkamp, who fumbled, but fell on the ball. Ley circled left end for 20yds. On the next play Wessel punted out of bounds at his own 25yd. line. Giants lost the ball on a fumble. Ley circled around left end for 30yds. and tackled by Saurer, dropped the ball. The S. J. C. could not stop the hampering of Koenig and the Giants soon crossed the goal line by successive line bucks. Koenig kicked goal.

S. J. C. 5.

Giants 6.

At this stage of the game things looked bad for the S. J. C. and their royal rooters were rather quiet for a few seconds on account of the noise made by the supporters of the Giants. But the college boys took a brace and on the next play cinched the game.

Trentman kicked to Linz, who was downed by Wellman. On the next play Saurer fumbled on the 55yd. line, Hoerstman securing the ball made a run of 60yds. for a touchdown, through a broken field. Wessel kicked goal.

S. J. C. 11.

Giants 6.

Koenig kicked to Bremerkamp, who criss-crossed with Wahl, gaining 30yds. The guards back formation was tried, but was blocked for a loss, next play Wahl went around end for 25yds. Ley and Wessel worked the double pass for an-

other touchdown. Goal missed by Wessel.

S. J. C. 11

Giants 6.

The ball was kicked to VanFlandern who ran 30yds. before being downed. The wihstle blew with ball on Giants 50yd. line.

SECOND HALF.

Bellersen retired in favor of Schneider. Little scoring was done this half. Only one touchdown, made by "Trapper," who secured the ball on a fumble.

Kramer kicked to Ley, who was downed on the chalk line marked 25. VanFlandern circled left end for 15yds.; next play Ley fumbled for a loss and the Giants secured the ball. After a succession of mass-plays the Giants made a bad fumble. VanFlandern picked up the pig skin, tucked it under his arm, and ran 60yds. for the last touchdown. Goal missed by Wessel. With four minutes to play, the Giants left the field.

S. J. C. 21.

Giants 6

Touchdowns: VanFlandern, 1; Hoerstman, 1; Wessel, 2; Koenig, 1; Goal from touchdown: Koenig, 1; Wessel, 1; Time of halves 25 minutes. Referee, A. Bremerkamp. Linesmen, McGill and Smith.

Sunday, Nov. 19, the Giants and S. J. C. played a tie game on the gridiron. The S. J. C. team was demoralized. Wahl was brought back from end to half, and played such a strong game that it made his position permanent. Bremerkamp, a new man, was put at end and played a good game. Buchman, also a line-man, put up a fair game. Kramer and Koenig did the best playing

for the Giants. They hit the line till they had the ball between the two posts. Ley made the touch-down for the S. J. C. Score 5-5. Referee, Arnold. Linesmen, G. Arnold and Smith. Time of halves 25 minutes.

PUNTS.

The Neversweats met and defeated the Filipinos by a score of 12-6. The game was marred with a continual wrangling and had to be called on account of darkness.

Mr. A. Bremerkamp of Decatur, Ind., a former student of St. Joseph's, refereed the game on Thanksgiving with satisfactory results.

J. W. W., '03.

LOCALS.

Three cheers for the Tigers! hip hip hurrah!! Cob, don't get excited! Startling! Even Titus says he would sooner witness a baloon ascension than play another foot-ball game. You don't mean that?

Lovers of sport, i. e. readers of our athletic column, are reminded of a slight mistake, which found its way into it. I am at a loss how to account for the blunder in any other way except that it was penned down in the heat of enthusiasm, or that the author was in a state of total absentmindedness, for I am certain when he saw the following statement in print: "The Giants broke through the line on a *front pass*," he turned red, not being able to understand how such nonsense got in there. At all events, it cannot be considered the result of cool conviction, for this would be drawing the gentleman's sincerity into question, which, however, is by no means intended.—Had the College teams been mentioned by the names of their respective study halls, it would have greatly elucidated the account of games.

How does a little dog and an eleventh rate foot-ball player compare? "The former barks, that he may be seen, the latter always jumps on top of the line, that he may be seen also."

It is generally the case that the man that itches for fame has to scratch all his lifetime.

Fair playing always carries the victory. In

spite of the most desperate attempts at "slugging," the second team of Aquino hall got rubbered.

In a dream the other night, Cantus was—digging away at Livy—. He had helped Hannibal to the summit of the Alps, but then they both began to slide. Happily, a projecting chunk of ice prevented their further descent; and Cantus uttered in a sigh of relief, "Hic haeret aqua!"

Some one inquired whether our organist is treading on eggs, or handling soap-bubbles, which he is careful not to crush! We would like to hear a substantial tone once in a while.

H. Muhler asked P. Wahl for a match the other day. After a protracted search in his pockets the latter said: "If I would hunt all over the country, I couldn't find a match to suit you."

It takes a chemist to mix compounds, but a few compounds will sometimes mix a chemist.

It is peculiar that men who have least to say, always use most words.

Don't talk about the last foot-ball game lest you stir up remorse in the tender? conscience of the S. J. C.

The reason why some part their hair in the middle is, to prevent their minds from becoming unbalanced.

On Sunday, Nov. 19, the members of the C. L. S. had their first class in Parliamentary law. Their numerous attendance gave proof of the lively interest taken in this very useful study. If the work is kept up as it was begun, the class shall advance further under the able management of its teacher, A. T. Saurer, than others have done in

any previous year.

When do little things count most? Geo. Arnold: "When they come as twins."

The editor of the locals would hereby call attention to a mistake that occurred in the October number. Instead of the name of Rev. Father Mark, that of Mrs. Zimmerman of Cincinnati, O., is to be substituted as the donor of the two beautiful doves placed in our grotto. To the same generous person the students of C. P. S. express their gratitude for new presents lately received, consisting of splendid artificial flowers for the purpose of decorating our grotto. The students should not forget to send up a fervent Ave to our heavenly Queen in behalf of this benefactress.

I wonder how many students receive a football as a Christmas present!

If VanFlandern stays at St. Joseph's for the next six years it is almost sure that within the precincts of three miles from the College one cannot find a tail, much less a rabbit or a squirrel. He is a terrible exterminator of all that runs on four. Even the winged sailors of the deep blue fall victims to his deadly aim on venturing too near their mother earth.

Ever since our last foot-ball game Conrad courts the favor of George. Seemingly he feels very secure under the supervision of the latter, whose duty it is to take charge of all things that have horns.

Felix thinks, if he hides his face, he is out of sight.

The manufacturing of poetry seems after all not such a very easy task. In spite of the thermometer's inclining towards zero, pearls of perspiration hung on Cyril's brow when engaged in composing a Christmas carol. Pegasus will not yield to the cold and exact measurements of square and compass, but ascends in majestic flight on the daring pinions of fancy. One of his classmates made the heroic resolution to write one line of poetry and then, like Cicero, in case he should fail, to quit forever.

A Merry Christmas, boys!

ILD. RAPP, '00.



HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, B. Alt, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, C. Eder, C. Fischer, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, S. Hartman, E. Hefeale, C. Hills, B. Horstman, H. Horstman, L. Huber, T. Kramer, E. Ley, L. Linz, H. Metzdorf, J. Meyer, A. McGill, J. Mutch, F. Scheidler, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, V. Sibold, J. Steinbruner, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, E. Vurpillat, H. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, C. Wetli, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, O. Bremerkamp, J. Buchman, F. Didier, M. Ehinger, C. Ellis, W. Flaherty, P. Hartman, J. Hildebrand, X. Jaeger, M. Koester, S. Kremer, A. La Motte, S. Meyer, C. Mohr, H. Muhler, D. Neuschwanger, B. Steiert, C. Sibold, R. Stoltz, G. Studer, F. Wachendorfer, L. Wagner, P. Wahl.

H. Muhler was omitted in the first paragraph of November Collegian.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, O. Dames, F. Didier, T. Ehinger, M. Ehleringer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, C. Grube, P. Hartman, S. Hartman, E. Hoffman, W. Hordeman, A. Koenig, T. Kramer, J. Kupper, E. Ley, E. Lonsway, H. Metzdorf, A. McGill, C. Mohr, R. Monin, H. Muhler, D. Neuschwanger, C. Oberding, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, J. Scheidler, A. Schuette, M. Schumacher, R. Schwieterman, J. Steinbruner, F. Wachendorfer, J. Wagner, P. Wahl, T. Welsh, F. Wemhof.

84-90 PER CENT.

E. Cook, C. Eder, C. Fischer, W. Flaherty, E. Flaig, T. Hammes, E. Hefelee, J. Hildebrand, C. Hills, B. Holler, H. Horstman, L. Huber, X. Jaeger, M. Koester, L. Linz, J. Meyer, S. Meyer, C. Miller, J. Muhler, R. Schmidt, B. Staiert, R. Stolz, T. Sulzer, J. Trentman, C. Van Flandern, E. Vurpillat, F. Wagner, H. Wellman, E. Werling, E. Wills, M. Zimmer.
